

Variety.

We have seen some excellent toasts which were given on the last anniversary, but we believe the following conveys the most liberal, generous, patriotic sentiments that we have yet seen. By D. L. Pratt:—

"The ships of our navy, The Ladies of our land, May the former be well rigged, And the latter be well mann'd."

The toast might be revised by substituting for the lines the following:

May they both be well rigged, And both be well mann'd."

The rigging of the ladies of our land, is of considerable importance in the present age. With regard to the manning of the navy—why, if the ladies are not mann'd the ships can't be.

A NEW ENGLAND BELL.—A bell of 3600 lbs. weight was lately cast at Colonel Holbrook's foundry in East Medway, for a single bell in the harbor of Bath, Maine.

ANALGAMATION.—A "Wandering Preacher" is at Philadelphia, effecting cures of rheumatism, debility, corns, toothache, &c. He doctors soul and body at the same time and without extra charge.

"Come friend," said a creditor to his debtor, "I want that money." "I ha'n't got it." "But I must have it now." "Well, if you get it before I do, just let me know, will you?"

TEMPERANCE AND ABOLITION.—"When I came into the pulpit, and for years after," says an eccentric minister of the old school, "Religion used to be the principal topic preached upon; now, it is all rum and niggers!"

CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.—Queen Victoria is a good performer on the piano forte, and sings remarkably well. Her voice is what the musicians call a mezzo soprano.—Boston Times.

We fancy the English people will not care a rap what kind of a voice Victoria has, so that it be the voice of the people.—Post.

As Dr. Franklin was once trudging through the streets of London, with spectacles on nose, he accidentally jostled a porter, who was staggering along under an immense load, and, who in consequence measured his length upon the pavement, burden and all. "D—n your specs!" shouted the fellow, as he scrambled up with his luggage. "So much for wearing specs in the street," said a friend to the doctor, who was walking with him. "Yes," replied the philosopher, coolly, wiping the articles in question, "but, had it not been for my specs, he would have d—d my eyes."

A noble reply, which may be remembered with advantage, was of Aristotle, who, when censured for giving alms to a bad man, retorted, "I did not give it to a man—I gave it to humanity."

The Boston Sentinel gives a contrast of the bank returns of August 26th, with those of May 11th, and makes the increase of circulation \$283,504, deposits, \$2,097,466, loans, \$2,016,883, specie, \$69,585.

HOTEL DIALOGUE.—TIME, 2 P. M. YESTERDAY.

A. Are you from the Capitol? B. Yes. A. Did you hear the Message? B. Yes. A. What is its color? B. I don't know what's its color, but I can tell you its shape. A. What? B. Globular. A. Then its color is Kendall green.—Nat. Int.

MR. FOX AND METHODISTS.—The following high compliment was paid Methodism by Mr. Fox in his Finsbury Lectures. "The first circumstance which I think operated to the amelioration of the poor in this country, England, was the rise of Methodism, and this was a heart stirring influence. Whatever flaw a severe critic may find in the supposed aims or real proceedings of John Wesley, there can be no doubt that he deserves to be classed among the first illustrious benefactors of the nation."

A FEMALE SMUGGLER.—An English Custom House Officer lately apprehended a lady who was a passenger in one of the steamboats from Calais, with twelve hundred ells of French blonde lace, snugly done up in that mysterious article of feminine apparel, called a bustle.

PIC-NICS.—"What's the matter, uncle Jerry," said Mr. —, as Jeremiah R. was passing by growling most furiously. "Matter," said the old man, "why here I've been lugging water all the morning for Dr. O's wife to wash with, and what do you think I got for it? "Why, I suppose nine pence," answered Mr. —. "Nine pence, indeed! she told me the Doctor would pull a tooth for me some time!"

RECIPE TO GET RID OF RATS.—Read them the account of the steamboat disasters, and they will flee the county.—Salem Gazette.

Charge them \$12 a barrel for flour, and they will go much quicker.—Ab. D. Adv.

Read them a whig newspaper—Brown County Courier.

The best method we can conceive, in this section of the Globe, is to demand specie of them, and they will disappear instantly.

A negro woman was lately executed at Paramaribo, Surinam, for killing a girl, and eating the body.

"I say, neighbor Hodge, what are you fencing up that pasture for? Forty acres of it would starve a cow." "Right," replied Hodge, "and I am fencing it up to keep the cows out."

STERN WAY WILL DO.—"Will you have me, Sarah," said a young man to a modest girl. "No John," said she, "but you may have me, if you will."

MISERABLE.—To walk two miles for the purpose of begging a favor, and then feel too modest to name it. Bowing to a person whom you mistake for another, and getting nothing but a vacant stare of surprise for your pains.

WORK OF MERRY.—Unhooking a young lady's dress, to enable her to sneeze.

LOVE AND MATRIMONY.—Love, like our first parents, is, in the beginning imperishable and eternal, but after it finds the serpent has deceived, it becomes short-lived.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.—A southern paper says, that "early rising, a short walk and a cold bath, are three of the greatest pleasures with which it is possible to begin a hot day. They give a coolness to the head, a calmness to the feelings, and a degree of health and vigor to the body, for which all would do well to sacrifice a few hours of broken slumbers."

VITALITY OF INSECTS.—"If the head of a maniferous quadruped, or of a bird is cut off, the consequences, of course, are fatal. But the most dreadful wounds that imagination can figure, or cruelty inflict, have scarcely any destructive influence on the vital functions of many of the inferior creatures. Leeuwenhoek had a mite which lived eleven weeks, transfixed on a point for microscopical investigation. Valiant caught a locust at the Cape of Good Hope, and after excavating the intestines, he filled the abdomen with cotton, and stuck a stout pin through the thorax, yet the feet and antennae were in full play after the lapse of five months. In the beginning of November, Redi opened the skull of a land tortoise, and removed the entire brain.

A fleshy integument was observed to form over the opening, and the animal lived six months. Spallanzani cut the heart out of three newts, (in Scotland called asks,) which immediately took to flight, leapt, swam, and executed their usual functions for 48 hours. A decapitated beetle will advance over a table, and recognise a precipice on approaching to the edge. Redi cut off the head of a tortoise, which survived 18 days. Col. Pringle decapitated several libellulæ, or dragon flies, one of which afterwards lived for four months, and another six; and, which seems rather odd, he could never keep alive those with their heads on above a few days.

NAPOLEON PASSING OVER THE ALPS.—The following sketch of the most extraordinary adventure of modern times, is from the life of Napoleon Buonaparte, written for and forming the first number of The Family Library.

At St. Pierre all semblance of a road disappeared. Thenceforth any army, horse or foot, laden with all the munitions of a campaign, a park of forty field pieces included, were to be urged up and along airy ridges of rock and eternal snow, where the gaithered, the hunter of the chamois, and the outlaw smuggler, are alone accustomed to venture, amidst precipices, where to slip a foot is death; beneath glaciers from which the percussion of a musket shot is often sufficient to hurl an avalanche; across bottomless chasms caked over with frost or snow drift, and breathing

"The difficult air of the ice mountain top, Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing Flit o'er the herbless granite."

Byron's Manfred.

The transport of the artillery and ammunition was the most difficult point; and to this accordingly, the chief consul gave his personal superintendance. The guns were dismounted, grooved into the trunks of trees hollowed out so as to suit each calibre, and then dragged on by sheer strength of muscle—not less than a hundred soldiers being sometimes harnessed to a single cannon. The carriages and wheels, being taken to pieces, were slung on poles, and borne on men's shoulders. The powder and shot, packed into boxes of fire wood, formed the landing of all the mules that could be collected over a wide range of the Alpine country.

These preparations had been made during the week that elapsed between Buonaparte's arrival at Geneva, and the commencement of Lame's march. He himself travelled sometimes on a mule, but mostly on foot, cheering on the soldiers who had the burden of the great guns. The fatigue undergone is not to be described. The men in front durst not halt to breathe, because the least stoppage there might have thrown the column behind into confusion, on the brink of deadly precipices; and those in the rear had to flounder knee deep, through snow and ice trampled into sludge by the feet and hoofs of the preceding divisions. Happily the march of Napoleon was not harassed like that of Hannibal, by the assaults of living enemies. The mountaineers, on the contrary, flocked in to reap the liberal rewards which he offered to all who were willing to lighten the drudgery of his troops.

On the 15th of May, Napoleon slept at the convent of St. Maurice; and in the course of the following days the whole army passed the Great St. Bernard. It was on the 20th that Buonaparte himself halted an hour at the convent of the Hospitalliers, which stands on the summit of the mighty mountain. The good fathers of the monastery had furnished every soldier as he passed with a luncheon of bread and cheese and a glass of wine; and for this reasonable kindness they received the warm acknowledgements of the chief. It was here that he took his leave of a peasant youth, who had walked by him as a guide, all the way from the convent of St. Maurice. Napoleon conversed freely with the young man and was much interested in his simplicity. At parting, Buonaparte asked the guide some particulars about his personal situation; and having heard his reply, gave him money, and a billet to the head of the monastery of St. Maurice. The peasant delivered it accordingly, and was surprised to find, that in consequence of a scrap of writing which he could not read, his worldly comforts were to be permanently increased. The object of this generosity remembered, nevertheless, but little of his conversation with the Consul. He described Napoleon as being "a very dark man," (this was the effect of the Syrian sun) and having an eye "that notwithstanding his affability, he could not encounter without a sense of fear.—The only saying of the hero which he treasured in his memory was, "I have spoiled a hat among your mountains; well, I shall find a new one on the other side." Thus spoke Napoleon wringing the rain from his covering as he approached the hospice of St. Bernard. The guide described, however, very strikingly, the effect of Buonaparte's appearance and voice, when any obstacle checked the advance of his soldiery along that fearful wilderness, which is called emphatically, "The Valley of Desolation." A single look or word was commonly sufficient to set all in motion. But if the way presented some new and insuperable difficulty, the Consul bade the drums beat and the trumpets sound, as if for the charge; and this never failed. Of such gallant temper, were the spirits which Napoleon had at command, and with such admirable skill did he wield them!

DEATH OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

The illustrious Bayard had been long celebrated throughout Europe as the model of those graces which were considered essential to the character of a perfect knight, and his fate was attended with some interesting circumstances. After having repeatedly repulsed the enemy in the battle of Rebec, he received a shot in the lower part of his body, which penetrated to the spine, rendered it impossible for him to sit on his horse. He at once felt the wound to be mortal, and commanded his soldiers to place him against a tree, with his face towards the enemy, observing, that he never turned his back whilst he lived, and would not begin to do so now that he was dying.—He then addressed himself to an officer who stood near—"Tell my liege lord the king," said he, "that I die happy, because I die in his service, and that my single regret is, that I can assist him no longer." Having said this, he held the cross-bill of his sword before him, using it as a crucifix, and fixing his eyes intently upon it, addressed his supplication to Heaven for the pardon of his sins. The battle meanwhile rolled gradually away from the spot, and the prayers of the dying man were undisturbed, except by the roar of artillery. After St. Pol had secured his retreat, and the fate of Bayard became known, both armies testified the most lively grief; for his great qualities were appreciated by the enemy almost as much as by his own countrymen. The Marquis of Pescara who ran to the spot, and addressed him with affection, soon perceived to remove him from where he lay would be immediate death. He accordingly had a tent pitched on the ground, sent for surgeons to dress his wound, and, at his request, called a priest, to whom he might confess, and from whom he received absolution. Immediately after this ceremony the constable entered the tent, and expressed, in kind and earnest terms, the concern he felt to behold him in that condition; to which he made this noble reply:—"My Lord of Bourbon, it is not I that am deserving of compassion, since I die an honest man; but for my own part I am constrained to pity you, when I see you serving in arms against your prince, your country and your oath; for remember, my lord, that the death of all who have borne arms against their country has been tragical, and their memory opprobrious." He expired soon after, amid the tears of the officers who surrounded him; and his death was generally lamented throughout Europe. For a considerable period the sun of chivalry had been hastening to its setting, and its last and sweetest rays may be said to linger on the grave of Bayard.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library; No. XXII. Life of Henry the Eighth.

AN ABANDONED VILLAIN.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 1. At one o'clock to-day, Jones and Thompson (assumed names) were hung for murdering and attempting to rob Wm. S. Thomas, exchange broker of this city.—They rode from the jail to the gallows, each driven in a buggy by one of the sheriffs of this county, smoking their cigars with great calmness, till the moment before their caps were pulled over their

eyes, when they shook hands with each other, and, without any apparent trepidation, were swung into eternity. Thompson was without any genius of his own, and has been the mere executioner of the daring villainy of Jones and others.—Jones has made a donation of his Conscience to Mrs. Oldham, widow of the late jailor. According to this, it seems he was born in England, of good family, and was a merchant in London, where he failed for for three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling—showing assets for one hundred and ninety-one.

Here, he says, he deposited fifty thousand pounds, without the knowledge of his creditors, in the hands of a rich banker; brought his wife and three children, (daughters, whom he educated well) to New York, where they married respectably, and still live. At this place his wife died, and he returned to London and claimed of his banker the fifty thousand pounds; who, after repeated applications, persisted in denying all knowledge of the matter. He presently met him at some distance from the metropolis, and stabbed him to the heart; the blood gushed from his bosom, and he dropped out of his carriage a corpse. After this, Jones went to the seaboard, engaged in the naval service, excited the crew to mutiny, murdered every soul on board who refused to join his party, except the captain's wife, with whom he lived six or eight months, and afterwards murdered her. He then took the ship and crew to Africa, took on board three hundred slaves, and steered for the West Indies, twenty-five or thirty of whom died soon after leaving the African coast, and being pursued by a British man-of-war, to escape detection, they drowned all the others. Jones landed at Charleston, South Carolina, murdered some man for his money, was thrown in jail where he lay thirteen months. He went from thence to New Orleans, put up at the best hotel in this city, discovered some gentleman boarding in the same house who had \$7,000, murdered and robbed him in one of its passages, and remained unsuspected, in the same place for several days, he then took a steambot and went to St. Louis; on his passage made acquaintance with Thompson, in connection with whom he murdered and robbed a man at St. Louis of \$2,000.—Came to Louisville, watched William S. Thomas for eight or ten days, entered his house on 5th street near Main in the most public part of this city, at 9 o'clock in the morning, murdered him, but were intercepted in their intended robbery by Thomas's servant bursting open the door at the moment they were rifling his drawers of their contents.

Jones was about forty-five years old, six feet high, straight and slender, well educated and uncommonly prepossessing in his manners. He was an infidel; declined all intercourse with our clergy (most of whom called on him,) or even naming the subject of Religion in his presence. So that he who has probably graced, by his presence, some of the first circles in London, and certainly possessed an intellect uncommonly brilliant, by a misdirection of his gifted powers, perished in a strange land—ignominiously perished under the gallows.

Agricultural.

Upon the subject of agriculture we have not been backward in expressing ourselves, as convenience allowed us. At this time, particularly, it can hardly be questioned by the merest novice, that the need is very great of giving much attention to this strong pillar that supports the common weal. We most highly respect this source of the wealth and independence of man, and would, by every honest inducement, recommend it to the world.

For some years past, the spirit of speculation, and the hurry and turmoil of that desire for the amassing of wealth in a day which that mania produced, have turned away from the sight and thought of the many, the gentle but sure streams of plenty that flow from this great blessing—have crowded away from sight the loveliness of that independence which the thriving farmer feels, when he contemplates the fruits of his healthful labor in the waving fields before him—and feels that, as he tends and succors nature in the infancy of the year, nature's God puts the impress of his approbation upon his efforts, by crowning them with success in its wane.

But that devastating tyrant, reckless speculation, has sped its course—its victims are all about us—its trophies are seen in the suspension of business—the laborer unemployed—the children unsatisfied with bread—the gloom that hangs over our prospects; and the attention reverses again of necessity to those healthful resources of happiness and plenty, which this spirit, though it may cripple, cannot wholly take away—and of which, as we have said, agriculture is pre-eminently one.

It cannot with truth be said, that we have not facilities for promoting this resource to a high pinnacle of usefulness. True, our neglect has deterred us from reaching the acme so soon as we should, had no deleterious influence interfered; but the bosom, whence we draw our sustenance in infancy, is not more true to its proper work, than is our common mother, the earth, to us who draw life from its operations.

It is here that no fluctuations, that overturn commerce and the arts, can reach. There is no suspension of payments here. If the proper instalment be paid in, at the

proper time, the discounts will flow out as naturally as flows the tide. The sturdy farmer is sure of this—for the Great Director is his Almighty Father, and on his fiat rests the blessed promise. "Seed time and harvest shall continue till the end of the world!"

Were there should the attention be turned of those who would not reap disappointment. It hangs out no golden lures; but, when faithfully cherished, a more grateful and indulgent friend cannot be found.—Ms. Argus.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Great Sale of Imported Cattle.—On Tuesday, at Powellton, was held the great sale of imported cattle which has been lately advertised in the newspaper.—Messrs. M. Thomas & Son being the auctioneers. Not less than three thousand persons attended the sale; and from the prices paid, we may perceive that the spirit of agricultural improvement among the bidders was very great. We consider the men who originate things like this, as the real patriots of the country, for they contribute greatly to its substantial improvement. Dean Swift, in his Gulliver's Travels, a book replete with deep philosophy, though the superficial merely laugh over it, says that a man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, renders more service to mankind than the whole race of politicians. We respond to this sentiment, by saying that whoever imports one domestic animal for the substantial improvement of the agricultural interest; or invents at home, or introduces from abroad, the slightest improvement in any mechanic art, rendered more service to our great country than all the ward politicians that ever caucussed, or than all the loafers in literature that ever attempted to poison the world with false taste or meretricious principles. Success to the enterprising importer, and to the liberal and intelligent purchasers.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. 15 Bulls brought \$14,306, 19 Cows do. 9,110, 2 Sheep of Bakewell breed \$100 each 200, 5 do. of do. 95 each 475. Total, \$14,980.

Both the cattle and sheep were of the finest breeds that could be procured in England, and had been brought over at a great expense by the spirited importer, Mr. Whitaker, who purchased them at prices which defied all competition, even in the Old Country. The biddings were spirited for the cows, and it was remarked that those of small and middling size commanded the largest sums.—So great an interest did this sale excite, that at one period there were between 200 and 300 carriages on the ground; and we learn that the Hon. Henry Clay was a bidder for some remarkably fine stock.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Foreign Intelligence, &c.

LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The packet ship Philadelphia, Capt. Morgan, arrived yesterday and brought us London papers to the 19th August. The political news furnished by this arrival is not of particular interest or importance.—The commercial and monetary advices are of more consequence, and are decidedly of a favorable character. The London and Liverpool cotton markets were a cheering aspect.

The Carlist expedition, which had advanced within near three leagues of Madrid, had retired to the Fonda del Trinidad, where it was on the 12th. We also learn that General Vigo, reinforced by a brigade, occupied on the same day Las Noras, covering the great road of the Guadarama and the Escorial. On the evening of the 12th the advanced guard of Espartero entered the capital, where the greatest enthusiasm reigned amongst the militia, which was preparing to march against the enemy. But the arrival of Espartero was considered to render this useless.

The Madrid Journal the Espana, which re-appeared on the 9th, states that the Carlist forces in Segovia form a total of 4530 men (without artillery) consisting of two Navarrese battalions, each 500 strong; two battalions from Guipuscoa, each comprising 600 men; two battalions from Biscay, of the same numerical force; the fifth battalion of Castille, 500 strong; a battalion from Valencia, 300 strong; and a corps from Arragon, composed of 100 infantry, and 180 cavalry.

The last accounts from Rome leave little doubt of the appearance of the cholera in that city. All strangers and most of the wealthy inhabitants had fled. The police had delivered upwards of 4000 passports. Albano and Frascati were crowded with fugitives from the immortal city.

The Journal du Havre of Monday last contains a long account of the capture of a crocodile in the harbor of that city.—The animal is supposed to have been brought thither about eighteen months ago by a vessel from Port-au-Prince, and to have subsisted since then on the small fish that abound there. He is described as having been in excellent condition. LONDON, August 19.

MONEY MARKETS.—CITY, 12 O'CLOCK.—We have no intelligence yet of the American packets, which are many days overdue, but as the wind is now favorable, we may hope to receive news from that quarter on Monday. Many people inquire anxiously how are the suspended houses in London proceeding with the liquidation of their affairs. So far as our informa-